

Brief Notes

of all moral reforms concerning the community. If the church in America would arise from the dust and put on her "beautiful garments," and say to the Sunday newspapers, or to the saloon, or to war, or to any other great iniquity: In the name of God and holiness, quit, there would be a speedy end of the business. The point of the difficulty is not to put an end to the saloon, or to the Sunday paper, or to lynching, or to labor riots, or to war, but the point of difficulty is to lift the church from its shameful groveling, and invest it with its heavenly wardrobe. It is not wearing its "beautiful garments." Other fashions have been introduced. It has its society gowns, its ball-room costumes, its summer resort styles, its bar room suits, and its military uniforms. The "beautiful garments" are too old fashioned for this smart age. They have been laid aside, or tumbled into the lumber room, or converted into foot mats. The prevalence of wickedness, its insolence, its apparent success in any community reflects the weakness and the shame of the church. A single, Godly, holy, consecrated, earnest Christian has been known again and again to reform a whole community. That one had simply put on the "beautiful garments" of full salvation and full consecration, and evil fled as from a scourge of fire. What would happen if all who name the name of Christ, if the church, were thus clothed, and thus charged with the very presence and majesty of God, a magazine of holiness and power, out breaking on every side, and consuming the tents of wickedness? What would happen to the saloon, to the social evil, to the Sabbath desecration, to political corruption, and to wars? There is the real "holiness movement," and "Peace Congress" for you.

The Higher Life

It is a lamentable fact that the vast majority of progressing Christians have never yet realized what it is to live the higher life of God in Christ. It is difficult to see in what particular their life is different from that of the moral man. Of the sweet joy and the blessed peace that comes to one thru close communion with God they know comparatively nothing. These people allow themselves to be robbed of the richest experiences the "more abundant life" to its possessor. Whether such will attain final salvation it is not for us to say, but certain it is that they fail to realize the highest and richest joys of the Christian life.

The gospel of happiness is one which every one should lay to heart. Set out with the invincible determination that you will bear burdens and not impose them.—*Wellspring.*

Of all the means of grace the most neglected is work for Christ.

Build carefully, tho it be slowly.

A wall shoveled together will not stand long.

Better a slow success than a quick failure.

Better a little well doing than a great deal of undoing.

Do not let well enough alone, lest it come to naught.

Hold all thy ground well won, and win more.

To that which hath the most, add more.

Make the best better, the strongest stronger.

The work that is behind you is God's. The work that is before you is yours.

When self examination digs, prayer fertilizes and penitence waters, there is apt to be fruit.

To cease before we reach our best, should be esteemed ignoble rest; to pause ere yet the vict'ry's won, may rob us of the Lord's "well done."

It sometimes happens that the man whose ecclesiastical office is to draw the brakes, isn't able to tell the difference between up hill and down hill.

As a general proposition backsliding is not a proper or profitable thing, but sometimes you have to back a mule to get him where he ought to go.

Perhaps we are content to leave too much to future generations. If you are willing to die before the Brethren Church is multiplied by ten, don't mention it. Don't tell anybody.

Contemplating our comparatively small numbers, we may take too much comfort in the fact that the "little flock" shall inherit the Kingdom and forget that after all God's "little flock" turned out to be "a multitude which no man can number."

Do not be impatient with the constructive mind. It may in the course of its career propose many impracticable things, and yet be a thousand times more useful than the mind whose office is apparently to oppose everything and to propose nothing.

Let us at least be great in something. If we are not great numerically and geographically, or great in influence upon the world, we should be all the more diligent to be great in holiness, great in zeal, great in brotherly kindness, great in charity, great in soul.

When we reach the conclusion that because we have the Word of the Lord there is no need for the exercise of our common sense, we should pray to be translated to a world where there *is* no common sense.

Should we not see to it, that the corner of the vineyard where the Lord has sent us to work is wonderfully well cultivated, before we begin to talk too loud about the weeds which seem to be growing in somebody else's corner.

To feather your own nest is a piece of worldly wisdom, but when you apply it to the endowment of the College and the Publishing House, it becomes a piece of divine wisdom. Let us do the work of the Lord as becometh his sons and daughters.

"The liberal deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand." For which reason the College and the Publishing House should each be unanimously voted an endowment of \$50,000. We want the Brethren Church to stand, do we not?

If our hired hand should spend his time in explaining how he happened to be there, and setting forth in general the reasons for his separate existence as our hired hand, we would probably send him to hunt another job. What we want to do is to end that sort of nonsense and go to work to save souls.

A tramp preacher died recently in a saloon. We are not told what his business was there, but we have been thinking what a world of difference that will

make in the record. Was it his Father's business, or some other? And did his soul take its flight as the soul of a hero, or was it stained with the iniquities of its latest environment? The saloon is a disreputable place, and so is this world. Brother, what is your business here: we mean that which you are actually doing?

The big snakes seem extinct. Large prizes offered of recent years for snakes over twenty feet long have failed to bring them forth. Of the imaginary, but in a sense terribly real, article, however, the saloons continue to furnish an over-abundant supply.

Two society young ladies of wealth and refinement in New York recently sold their elaborate and costly ball room gowns, and joined the Salvation Army, where they are now devoting their time to rescue work in the slums. There is a flavor of primitive Christianity in a narrative of that sort, and it should remind us particularly that a primitive practice ought to go along with a primitive doctrine. Let us have the fruit as well as the leaves.

The Archbishops of Canterbury and York have pronounced against the use of candles and the offering of incense in the services of the English church. Maybe it's all the light the poor people have. It is true that David tells about a light he discovered which was "a lamp to his feet and a light upon his path," but that is so old fashioned. Think of the church of Cranmer and Lambert pottering over candles and incense, and other Romish foolery. Their "apostolic succession" has evidently changed to Popish recession.

A Romish priest in Pavia, Italy, drank at high mass, from a chalice which he supposed contained the consecrated wine, but which had been filled with acid by some artisans who were repairing the cathedral. The poor fellow was instantly killed; but what is one priest less when another is always ready to take his place, not perhaps to drink poison, but to hold a spiritual poison to the lips of others? "What man," counts for little; but "what manner of man" counts up to heaven and down to hell.

An agonized mother flagged down a fast mail, in order that she might go swiftly to the bedside of her dying child. But with all the haste we can make, death is swifter than our swift chariots, swifter than the winds that blow, or than the light which flashes farewell over darkening skies. Yet there is One whose love is swifter than death. The baffled Shadow flees before the "Light of the world," and the "Resurrection and the Life."

In Connecticut last week the crash of a trolley car into a chasm sixty feet deep resulted in the death of thirty of its passengers. A moment before the fatal leap they were singing, but in an instant songs and merriment was changed into shrieking horror. There are some songs which do not make melody in the presence of death. Yet again there are some which do make melody in the ears of death. What a world of difference is there. Let us learn to sing the songs of victory, for since death must triumph over all, there is nothing left for us but to triumph over death.

Captain Dalton the famous swimmer, who saved 278 lives from drowning, was drowned last week while bathing in the surf near Hog Island. Shall we say of him: He saved others, himself he could not save? It was not true of the Divine life saver, dying on Calvary, of whom it was first spoken. Nor is it true of Dalton, nor of any other man who leaves behind him a record of rescue work in whatever sphere. For he has saved himself in the truest, noblest sense, who has rescued from oblivion his name and his fame, and clothed it with the honorable immortality of good works. The man in him, and the memorial of that man, is imperishable. How true it is that he that loseth his life shall save it, and he that saveth his life shall lose it. Oh how barren and abortive is the philosophy of the world, centered as it is in the narrowing and vanishing illusions of the self life.